

Waltzing Sans Matilda

They had to learn, so
we had the hairy miners
dancing with each other.

“Is this a dangerous thing?”
queried Squinty. “Just

till we get women,”
answered I.

“That’ll be whores at first.
Then the pinched-nose Churchies.
Don’t know which more vile.”

“Well now let’s show them how.
It’s just lurching out there!”